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THE EMBASSY APPROACHING THE ROYAL ENCAMPMENT.

THE INDIAN NABOB:

OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXIX.—DESPATCHES.—“BOAST NOT THYSELF
OF TO-MORROW.”

LEAVING our hircarrah to the hospitalities of his
No. 329, 1858.

countrymen, I followed Mr. Dalzell's example, and retired to my own tent to read my letters. They were two: one was from England, and the other was from Zillah. It was the first letter she had ever written to me; and you may be sure, Archie,

that I broke open the seal with lover-like eagerness, and devoured its contents with strange, wild rapture. I was still absorbed in this pleasing occupation, when a shadow fell upon the sheet, and, looking up, I saw that Mr. Dalzell had silently stepped into my tent.

"Call me a fool, Hector—a dreaming, credulous fool," said he. I started at the sound of his voice, and rose from my camp-stool with alarm. I had cause for being startled and alarmed; had some reason even for the doubt which for a moment crossed my mind, whether it were my friend's voice that had fallen so suddenly on my ears, and his form and countenance which I saw before me; the tones of that voice were so hollow, and stern, and bitter, and the features of that countenance so stamped with an expression of grief and hopeless misery!

"A credulous simpleton," he repeated, with scornful emphasis, "to be dreaming, and telling my dreams like a love-sick girl; and to be— Oh Hector, Hector!" he exclaimed wildly, grasping my hand, and wringing it as in a convulsive paroxysm, "I can understand now that exceeding bitter cry of the desolate old king—'My son, my son! would God I had died for thee, my son!'"

His grasp relaxed as he said this, and he sunk on to a seat, burying his face in his trembling hands, and bowing forward, while big tear-drops trickled from his fingers and fell fast to the ground.

It is fearful to see a man weep, Archie—a man, especially, whose heart you have believed to be steeled against the ordinary influence of every-day trials and vexations; whose courage in the face of danger has been often put to the proof, and who would probably bear physical tortures with unflinching firmness and undimmed eye. Woman's tears may be, and doubtless often are, a healing balm to wounded feelings; but it is not so when men weep.

"And I am but womanish to give way thus," he said, after a short silence, during which I could only gaze on my poor companion with a kind of stupid amazement, and uncomprehending sympathy: "Womanish!" he added, raising himself, and indignantly dashing the witnesses of his momentary weakness from his seamed and wrinkled cheeks. "A woman would teach me greater fortitude than this. But all this passion is incomprehensible to you, Hector. Read that;" and he drew from his breast the letter which, as I had noticed, had, while unopened and unread, agitated him.

I took the letter from his hand, little imagining the nature of its contents, except that it probably gave information of the death of Albert Dalzell—an event which, however painful, had at times seemed almost certain to the sorrowing father.

It was from Mr. Dalzell's London agents; and it stated that, in obedience to his repeated commands, they had pursued their inquiries for his long-lost son. That he had last been seen in Paris, so as to be recognised, I have already told you, Archie; but from that time all traces of him had strangely disappeared. At length, however, some additional information had reached the writers, who had again renewed their investigations on the spot, by means of a keen secret police agent in that city.

Following up the clue he had obtained, this man had clearly enough identified the missing Englishman with a stranger who, many years before, had frequented some low haunts of profligacy in that city, and who was suspected of bearing a name which did not rightly belong to him. The name by which he was then known was given. Think, Archie, how my pulse bounded, and my cheek first flushed and then paled, when I read that name—LE BLANC! Happily, Mr. Dalzell was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice my agitation, and the feverish interest with which I traced what remained to be revealed. All the particulars were put down there with cold-blooded accuracy—I beg pardon, mercantile accuracy, I should have written; the finding of the dead body of Le Blanc—otherwise Albert Dalzell—pierced through with his death wound, and weltering in his blood; and the belief that he had fallen in a duel with a young English officer who disappeared that same day from Paris.

I felt faint, Archie, when I read all this; but I had the wit to perceive that *one* secret yet remained mine. The name of that young English officer was not mentioned. Probably it was never known in the city, where he was a comparative stranger; or, being known, had, in the lapse of years which had passed, been forgotten.

The letter closed with a kind of apology for the evil tidings it contained, and a few weak and common-place attempts, on the part of the writer, at consolation; but I doubt whether they had been read; certainly they were not calculated to produce the effect designed. If Mr. Dalzell had for a moment given a thought to them, he would have probably exclaimed bitterly, in the words of the old patriarch, "Miserable comforters are ye all!"

I returned the fatal letter into his hand, silently. "Do not speak about it, Hector," he whispered hoarsely, but kindly. "Talking will not mend it. I see I have your sympathy; and you know that I do not need, that indeed I could not endure, to be coaxed and soothed like a froward child. What I have to bear I will bear, God helping me, as a man should bear it. Things are to-day as they were yesterday; my knowledge does not change them. Hope is lost, that is all; and hope is—a treacherous jade."

He could not go on. He would fain have been a philosopher; but nature was roused, and nature was too powerful. He rose hastily, and disappeared within the white drapery of his own tent, leaving me to collect my thoughts, and form my plans alone. Nor was I sorry to be left alone, for my brain was in a whirl. That Mason—the successful duellist—was the slayer of Mr. Dalzell's unhappy son and Zillah's father; and that the latter was at that time in Calcutta, exposed to all the blandishments of that specious deceiver, gave me deep concern. But I was, just then, even more perplexed in mind as to whether I should reveal to Mr. Dalzell, or conceal from him, the knowledge I had accidentally acquired.

I passed the remainder of the day in perturbation of mind, and was yet undecided what course to pursue when I was summoned to Mr. Dalzell's tent. He received me with his ordinary composure and more than ordinary kindness. A

stranger would not have guessed that a storm had so lately passed over his soul, and destroyed forever a hope to which it was now evident he had, through so many years, firmly though secretly clung. His cheek was perhaps paler than usual, his brow more contracted, and his lips more compressed; but his eye was clear, his hand firm, and his voice natural and composed. The danger which I had most feared had passed away; his mind had not wavered beneath the terrible blow.

"We must not let our private affairs interfere with public duties, Hector," he said, as I entered his tent; and he pointed to a temporary table, covered with the despatches so lately received, and with materials for writing: "I shall need your services," he added, "if you can dispense with an hour or two's rest."

I had, before this, frequently acted as Mr. Dalzell's amanuensis, and I seated myself at the table.

He commenced dictating; and I could but be astonished at the power of abstraction which enabled him, under such circumstances, so completely to concentrate his thoughts on the public service in which he was engaged. Even now, I remember with admiration the clear and lucid views he expressed of the peculiar dangers and perplexities which seemed to be gathering round the English factories. He recapitulated to the Council at Fort William, (to whom his letter was addressed,) observations and warnings he had previously conveyed to them from Cossimbazar; reminded them of the advanced age of Aliverdi, and of the evident enmity of his presumptive heir and successor, who would gladly lay hold on any pretexts for ruining the commerce and seizing the property of the English Company. And he pointed out how these manifold evils might probably be averted. He referred also to the natural characteristics of the people with whom they had to deal—their craft, deceit, and crooked policy; and warned them especially against one—the merchant Omichund—whom he believed to be treacherously engaged in the service of their secret enemies, while he was professing attachment to their persons and interests. And I remember particularly one part of this expostulatory letter, in which he protested, in strong and urgent language, against the employment of craft in meeting craft, and implored that every transaction might bear the impress of conscious integrity and uprightness as between man and man, as the only foundation of future safety and prosperity. I remember this, Archie, as being eminently characteristic of my friend himself, and as being almost prophetic of after events.

"They set me down as an alarmist, Hector," he said, when we had finished this letter, "and I believe that, in their hearts, they are glad when I am absent from their board; but they will find by-and-by that I have had some reason on my side. This is probably my last attempt to move them, and I take you to witness that I have done my duty. I shall not live to see and know—though you may—the extinction of our power in this part of India, unless—"

He stopped short, as though he had said too much. "Do not heed me, Hector," he presently added. "There are bright days in store for you, I trust."

"And for you, sir, may I not hope?" I ventured to respond.

Mr. Dalzell shook his head mournfully. "We will talk of that another day," he said.

I was leaving his tent for my own, when he called me back.

"The messenger will return with our letters to-morrow, Hector. You will be writing to Zillah. You will oblige me by saying nothing of the ascertained fate of—of her unhappy father. Thank you," he added, fervently, as he pressed my hand, when I gave a ready assent to his wish; "I did not suppose you would be so indiscreet; but—thank you. And now we will have done with the subject. I know *now* that I have no son."

I did write that night to Zillah, and I did not refer to her father's fate. I spoke of Mason, however, and in such terms as I hoped would effectually detach Zillah from his society; and then, wearied out in mind and body, I threw myself on my mattress.*

The following day, and many succeeding days of our journey, was passed without any particular incidents; and only once did Mr. Dalzell refer to the death of Albert. On that occasion he broke out abruptly as we were riding along: "If he had fallen in honourable battle, Hector, I might have mourned for him, but I could have cherished his memory and forgotten his faults. But to be slain in a miserable brawl—to perish from the earth as a duellist!"

He never spoke of his son again; and though at times, during the remainder of our travels, a momentary gloom flitted across his countenance, no traces remained of the terrible ordeal to which he had been exposed.

Meanwhile we advanced steadily towards our destination, though not entirely without interruption; for on one occasion we were attacked by a numerous band of dacoits, or mounted robbers, and a desperate conflict ensued, in which two of our guards were slain and others wounded. Nor did the Sahib log escape scatheless; but our wounds were slight, and finally the party made off, and we received no further interruption from this source.

As we approached Delhi the ravages of intestine warfare were plainly enough visible, in desolated villages, land down-trodden and uncultivated, and the inhabitants (the few who were to be seen) in every stage of destitution and misery.† At length

* Note by Mr. Dore.—I may as well add here, Archie, that neither this letter nor Mr. Dalzell's despatches reached their destination. The hirecrah was never afterwards heard of, either at Cossimbazar or Calcutta. He was perhaps robbed and murdered on his return; but his actual fate was never ascertained.

† From the invasion of Nadir Shah, in 1739, to its subjection to British rule, in 1803, the entire province of Delhi was one perpetual scene of rapine and wretchedness, almost inconceivable. At about this latter date, an eye-witness wrote: "This province is in the most wretched state that can be conceived. Having been the seat of continual wars for fifty years, the country is almost depopulated; the lands lying waste; the wretched inhabitants not daring to provide more than the bare means of subsistence, lest they should attract the notice of those whose trade is pillage. Nothing but the natural fertility of the soil, and the mildness of the climate, could have kept up any degree of population, and rendered the sovereignty of it, at this day, worth contending for; so that a tract of country that possesses every advantage that can be derived from nature, contains the most miserable of inhabitants; so deeply do mankind pay for the ambition of their superiors, who, miscalculating their powers, think they can govern as much as they can conquer."

the broad plain on which the city is built lay stretched before us; and as, at the distance of several miles, the capital of the great Mogul empire loomed in the horizon, its towers and domes were gilded by the bright beams of a rising sun.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAMP AND COURT.

I HAVE forewarned you, Archie, that it is no part of my design in these memoirs to involve you in a historical labyrinth of political revolutions and treasons; of sudden and violent shiftings and changes in the governments, or mis-governments of India; of the advancement and overthrow of usurpers; and of the intrigues of barbaric courts with which our establishments at Fort William and elsewhere were to some extent connected, either by friendly commercial alliances, or by the natural instinct of self-defence. Perhaps it is not too much to affirm that, at the time of which I write, the minds of distant observers were too confused as well as too ill-informed to note with accurate distinctness events which were imperfectly understood even by those who were engaged in them; and that those who afterwards endeavoured to set these events in order for the instruction of future generations, unintentionally perpetrated some errors, and succeeded only in perplexing their readers by attempting to explain that which was inexplicable.

Having premised this, I need only add that a succession of political convulsions from within, and invasions from without, had reduced the once fair and powerful empire of Delhi to a wretched dependence on the tender mercies of conquerors; and that the successor of the Great Mogul rulers held his throne and sceptre by their suzerainty. And yet, as though to hide its actual weakness, the pomp and show and ceremony of this Oriental court were pertinaciously maintained and upheld; and the sovereign who had but recently submitted to the most humiliating and ignominious treatment from those who, from being the oppressed, had become the oppressors, now blazed out in all his finery and frippery, to dazzle the eyes of the representatives of a Company of obscure British merchants.

Our arrival within sight of the walls and minarets of Delhi was the signal for halting; and, having pitched our encampment, a native secretary from the court of Aliverdi, accompanied by a detachment of our guards, and bearing our credentials, took his way to the city. Passing over the preliminary steps to our reception, however, I will introduce you at once to the scenes which followed.

It was on the morning of the third day after our arrival that a messenger, mounted on an elephant, and attended by a numerous band of guards, made his appearance at our encampment, and announced the intention of his royal master to receive the Feringhi ambassador on the following day—not, however, in his city and palace, but in a pavilion without the walls. Moreover, as a token of goodwill, the emperor had sent robes of honour for his visitors, which were delivered with immense ceremony and profound reverence, and for which the fortunate messenger did not fail to exact, for his own private use, a nuzzah, or present, of corresponding value. This matter settled, apparently to

the mutual satisfaction of all concerned, and having submitted to a long oration in praise of the munificence, greatness, and condescension of the august "king of kings"—as the poor puppet of Delhi styled himself—we were left to make our needful preparations for the coming day.

Behold us, then, Archie, at the appointed time—some two or three hours after noon—mounted each on his separate elephant, and surrounded by our finely caparisoned guards, wending our way across the bare and dusty plain, whose only landmarks seemed to be desolate and decayed ruins, until a scene suddenly broke upon our senses, which for the time at least obliterated the mournful impressions made by these tokens of oppression and misrule. Before us rolled the silvery stream of the Jumna; and on a broad peninsula, formed by its windings, and probably half a mile in extent from bank to bank, was raised an imperial pavilion, glittering in crimson and gold, and surrounded by a lofty wall, or screen of crimson drapery, shrouding all within from the gaze of the vulgar and profane; while, pitched on the green-sward around, and beneath the shade of tall and flourishing trees, were scores of snow-white tents, surmounted by flags and streamers of every shade of bright and gaudy hue, fluttering in the fitful breeze. High above these, and from within the royal inclosure, was raised on gilded poles the imperial banner of Delhi, the representation of a golden sun blazing on, or rather standing out from, a silken field of green; while from every corner, and the loftiest points of the pavilion, floated broad crimson flags, as well as numerous golden devices indicative of the assumed extent and stability of the Mogul empire.

All this, however, was but the still life of an imposing show. Gathered around this brilliant camp was what appeared to be a considerable army; and the first appearance of our small train evidently gave the signal for its being put in motion, with all the noise and tumult inseparable from an Eastern procession. A discharge of cannon and matchlocks inaugurated our reception; and, before the smoke cleared away, a long array of elephants and camels and mounted horsemen was proceeding over the plain, attended by drums and musical instruments, while the diminishing space between this guard of honour and ourselves became rapidly filled up with the rabble of the city, who seemed to have turned out to gaze upon the Sahib log, and to feast their eyes with the shadowy and departing glory of their sovereign and his court.

At length the rival processions met, and, amidst another roar of artillery, ceremonious civilities were interchanged by the leaders; and then, mingled together in one long gay train, amidst the rushing, crowding, and shouting of the populace, the Feringhi ambassador and his motley *cortège* slowly approached the imperial camp.

An hour later we were admitted within the bounds of the sacred inclosure, and ushered into the presence of the emperor, beneath the drapery of his temporary palace. I shall not trouble you, Archie, with a long description of the transactions which followed, for at this distance of time I have but a confused remembrance of them. Presented to my imagination, however, is the figure of a man, apparently of middle age, seated on a raised dais and

beneath a magnificent canopy at one end of a large and lofty oblong compartment of the pavilion, into which light was admitted by openings in the silken roof; while around him were a number of attendants in gaudy attire, who, I was afterwards given to understand, were great men in their way, but who seemed the very impersonation of abject servility, as they grovelled in the awful presence of their imperial master. To speak openly, Archie, I have never seen anything particularly overpowering in the outward aspect of royalty, least of all in that phase of it couched under oriental despotism, which combines so much that is intended to be imposing and grand with an equal amount of childishness and absurdity. For instance, in the Mogul emperor I failed to see more than an overgrown atom of mortality, of very ordinary aspect, though bedizened with jewels, most likely of enormous value, and clothed in an exceedingly rich vestment of pure white satin, embroidered with gold; while in the satraps who bent before his musnud, as well as in the weary slaves who fanned their monarch's brow, I saw only other atoms, stained, probably, with awful vices, and capable of the darkest crimes, to whom, moreover, the name and nature of freedom were alike unknown.

And yet, Archie, the concomitants of this scene were fine enough, and doubtless were intended to be impressive. The temporary hall of audience, to wit, was elegant in design and costly in ornamental workmanship. The roof was of crimson silk, supported by numerous pillars, representing the tall straight stems of palms, with their graceful foliage above, all covered with burnished silver; and the drapery of the walls was lined with delicate tapestry, woven or painted (I know not which) with flowers in such vivid colours, that it required but a slight stretch of the imagination to believe one's self in a rich and beautiful conservatory. The ground itself was covered with soft carpets, which yielded to every footstep as though we were treading on the daintiest green-sward, or rather on a bed of moss; and the canopy which surmounted the dais was composed of embroidered satin and fringed with heavy bullion.

I had time enough to observe this, and more that has long since passed away from my memory; for our audience was a protracted one. And I must again remark that all this magnificence did not banish from my mind a certain feeling of mingled ludicrousness and impatience at the position in which we were placed. I have told you that we had been presented with robes of honour, which of course we were expected to wear in the presence of the emperor. On examination, these robes were found to be broad scarfs of some thin silken texture, which, worn in the Eastern fashion, over the ordinary native costume, and surmounted with the convenient and picturesque turban of twisted silk or muslin, would have been light and graceful, especially as contrasted with the dark complexions and bearded faces of the wearers. But fancy, Archie, the English ambassador and his young secretary—our heads covered with the black cocked hats, then universally worn, at any rate on occasions of state and form, and which the customs of an Eastern court forbade us to remove; our nether limbs encased in the tight silken integuments of an English court or ball-room dress; our bodies encumbered with the now antique

broad-skirted, full-sleeved, collarless coat and the flapped vest of the reign of George the Second; over which had to be tied and twisted in multitudinous folds an article of attire which your mother or sister would doubtless prize as an elegant and fanciful female costume, but which, on our broad shoulders, and partly covering though not concealing our European garb, must have made us look ridiculous in the eyes of Anlungger's courtiers.

So much for the ludicrous, a sense of which possibly augmented the impatience I felt in the tedious and humbling ceremonials to which we had to submit when introduced to the august presence. The bowings and semi-prostrations; the silent and awe-struck reverence we were expected to evince; the listening to the long roll and catalogue of high-sounding titles bestowed upon the sovereign of Delhi, by the herald who acted, I suppose, as master of the ceremonies; the outstretched palm of the great emperor himself, thirsting in spirit for the nuzzah which, as a matter of course, was to precede all other business; the equally strong avidity of every courtier who could by any means contrive to get near to us, for nuzzah—nuzzah; and the composed indifference, when these preliminaries were over, with which the proud peacock-feathered despot suffered Mr. Dalzell to explain the object of his mission and the heads of his instructions, of which, as it afterwards proved, he was too stupid or too engrossed with his own contemplations to trouble himself to understand a word;—all this may be very entertaining to remember now, but I confess that it chafed my spirit then, Archie.

I remember the feeling of relief we experienced when it was over, and we were told that a small unoccupied royal palace, or pleasure-house at the distance of two or three miles from the city, and more than double that space from the royal encampment, was condescendingly placed at our disposal. Thither we repaired by torch-light that same evening, and found, as we had been led to expect, that our servants had already taken possession, and were preparing for our reception.

Thus far, then, we had proceeded without serious obstructions or impediments. But, from this point, obstacles began to thicken and gather round us, so that the simple business of Mr. Dalzell's mission, which might have been satisfactorily transacted probably between the rising and setting of a summer's sun, was delayed, for weeks and months of wearying applications and fruitless audiences, until, from the interposition of other events, the attainment of its object became a matter of profound indifference.

UNSEASONABLE PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

Hotel de Belle Vue, Sallanches, May 14th, 1855.

YESTERDAY I posted from Geneva a letter for you, containing our route so far as that place, and mentioned that we were this morning going to proceed to Chamouni; but we are obliged to stay at this little village of Sallanches, in consequence of the violence of the storms and the impassable state of the roads.

At about ten o'clock in the morning we entered

Sardinia, having started from Geneva a little before eight, by diligence. The route to this place is the wildest we have yet seen, and it was rendered more terrific in grandeur by a constant succession of heavy storms, which came sweeping, in perfect floods of rain and vapour, through the defiles and gorges, swelling the mountain torrents and cascades, and often entirely veiling the country.

We are now at a considerable altitude, which is partly the cause of the mist and cloud; but on several occasions, while in the midst of storms, we have seen above us the mountain peaks covered with snow, rejoicing in beautiful sunlight. This has a very extraordinary effect. Soon after arriving at Sallenches, at 5 o'clock P.M., we observed a very singular scene. Standing in the hotel balcony, waiting for our coffee, we were remarking how the mists seemed to hang over the summit of what appeared to be a long range of high serrated mountains close by. Presently, very high indeed above them, in the clouds, I observed some peculiar lights, and a few minutes afterwards they grew brighter still, and I imagined some clouds were receiving the glow of the sunlight at that immense height; but, incredible as it appeared to me, in a few minutes I actually perceived that these lights were vast plains of snow, from which the fog was clearing.

As we stood wondering, the enormous panorama slowly and wonderfully opened like a dissolving view, with the most exquisite changing shades of colour; now clear and distinct, now shadowy and fading; now dark and rude, now brown and sunshiny—all sorts of tints in a few minutes, the one dissolving into the other. Height above height, pinnacle beyond pinnacle, range stretching over range, we behold the Aiguilles de Gouté, with their long glaciers and pine-clad armour, crowned with eternal snow. But we are promised a still finer view in the morning, should the mists have cleared away.

We dined to-day, *en route*, at a little village called Bonneville. The road, after quitting the place, is extremely wild. The precipitous descents much frightened Marianne as we plunged down them in the diligence, often close to the edge of tremendous precipices, the coachman shouting to his horses and cracking his whip. They always seem to make it a point to drive very fast down hill, and go close to the edge of the precipices. We changed coachmen three times, and one was a most careless fellow, and certainly did his best to upset us. A turn-over near one of the ravines we have passed to-day would be certain and instant destruction. The fall would be frightful; and rapid streams run at the bottom of the valleys over rude stones. In many parts the mountains towered literally over us, overhanging the gorge in immense masses; and in every direction were strewn fragments of rock which had fallen during the rains—pieces, some of them, twice as large as a moderate-sized house, which appeared to have ploughed up the earth in falling, and half-buried themselves. One of these masses, had it detached itself as we were passing, would have ground diligence and passengers to powder.

This part of the route reminded me very much of Derbyshire scenery, only everything was so much grander, the passes wilder, and the moun-

tains so very much higher. The coachmen of the diligence very much amused us in talking to their horses. I will tell you all about it when I reach home. We are obliged to wait here for the weather to change, and cannot get any one to attempt, even with two horses, to take us on to Chamouni; I cannot yet tell what we shall do; and they say the road from Chamouni to Martigny, eight hours by mules, cannot possibly be undertaken.

I had scarcely finished writing the above, at nine o'clock P.M., when a succession of reports made the *salle à manger* literally shake, and considerably startled us, as we knew the village had been entirely destroyed a few years before, and were perplexed for the moment to know whether the hotel was tumbling down, or if an avalanche had descended, or whether Sardinia could afford an earthquake; but it turned out that these alarming reports were caused by a number of large cannons at the Hôtel de Ville close to us, which had been let off in consequence of some political rejoicing that was going on, not, so far as I could learn, at all connected with the taking of Sebastopol! Then the drums began to roll, and still make such a noise that you must excuse my writing more now.

Chamouni, 15th of May.

Here we are at the Hôtel Royale. The fact is, that though last night the storm continued after we went to bed, I was awakened about seven o'clock by brilliant sunshine, and of course immediately jumped up, possessed with the idea of availing myself of this weather to proceed to Chamouni. We hardly gave ourselves time to dress, and snatch a hasty breakfast, so anxious were we to make the journey before the fogs again covered the mountains. The roads were awfully bad—beyond all comparison the very worst I have ever seen, and I am quite sure no carriage could have reached Chamouni last night.

We had a very light small kind of char-à-banc, with three horses, and even then, I should think about a third of the route the driver and myself walked. Horses in England would not understand such work; nor would our carriages stand it. They ought to be made of iron or adamant to remain entire. The whole route was one series of rough stony ascents, looking over tremendous precipices and ravines clad with fir trees; the sounds heard were only the thunder of avalanches and the furious plashing of cascades, with now and then, when all was more still, the note of the cuckoo here and there. It was far wilder and more romantic and sublime than we could have conceived. Fancy the enormous Aiguilles covered with snow, and the vast cascades, and the rich knots of flowers, pink, yellow, and blue, thickly clustering in the crevices of the rocks and at their bases.

We arrived at Chamouni before two o'clock P.M., having taken about five hours *en route*. All the way we had constantly nearer and grander views of Mont Blanc. I was much surprised at the entirely different aspect of this mountain to anything I had imagined. It was my impression that I should see an immense mass of black rock, with large sharp pinnacles towering like huge ruins one over the other, and peaks crowned with snow.

But the monarch of European mountains showed himself to us in altogether a different dress; the most fairy-like—I had almost said transparent—lightness, a thousand times lovelier in form and colour than I had at all anticipated. In fact, I despair of properly describing the scene at all; it was so completely superior to anything I had ever imagined, that it really must be seen to be appreciated. We passed through some country near to a most singularly situated little village, St. Gervais, high up in the mountains, where two years ago the Duchess of Orleans passed some months. Had I been able to afford the time, I should like to have stopped there too.

Our road led along the bed of a wild Alpine torrent, frequently passing over little interesting water-courses, and small plains filled with mud and snow, with enormous rocks which had become detached from the mountains. We had lunch at the village of Servoz, afterwards crossing the torrent of the Dioza, one of the most impetuous I have seen. Marianne thought it would carry us away, carriage, horses, and all. Then we ascended the second story of the valley of the Arve, and began to see the white lines of glaciers, but were ourselves still below the snow line. Before we reached the hamlet of Bossons, famous for its enormous glacier, we had to wrap up; and in place of the hot sun, which had shone upon us uninterruptedly through a magnificent morning, we began to feel the cold snow wind, keen and searching, but most refreshing, and pure and delightful. Without its invigorating influence, we could not have gone through half the fatigue that we encountered. The weather was indeed most propitious. All the wild storms had for the time entirely cleared away, and the snow-covered peaks and hills showed themselves to our astonished gaze, more and more distinctly as we proceeded, against a background of rich sunny blue sky.

You may imagine that, after all the excitement of this marvellous ascent, we were very glad, on our arrival at the hotel at Chamouni, to dine at once; and a capital dinner we had. The fine weather continued, so I lost not a moment in making arrangements for guides and mules to take us to Martigny the next day, should the weather happily continue such as to render the passage of the mountain feasible.

We rested and dined, and in about an hour after our arrival at Chamouni, set off again on mules and with guides to explore the Glacier de Bossons, the Flegère, and the Mer de Glace. This exploring tour was more fatiguing, more exciting and terrific, and more awfully grand, than anything I have yet mentioned. With the assistance of the guides, I went a long way up the Mer de Glace, towards a great overhanging rock; the ascent was so fatiguing that I was soon bathed in perspiration; the snow not being hard, though very deep, I frequently slipped nearly down, and was constantly sinking into it almost up to my knees. Part of the way I had a guide at each side, and I gained a faint idea of what the ascent of Mont Blanc must be. At last I was unable to go further, and grew quite dizzy and sick; I had to remain a time, and then commence the descent to the plateau, where the mules were waiting for us. I

heard one of the guides say, *sotto voce*, to his companion, "Ce monsieur ne manque pas de courage, mais de force."*

Though it was about as much as I could stand at the time, yet I was extremely pleased to have this opportunity of getting some kind of a notion what the difficulties of ascent really were. While on the glacier I heard the noise of several avalanches falling on the other side—a most awful sound, much resembling the rumbling of thunder, but with constant reverberations from the peaks and ravines. When we were in safety in the valley an hour later, to my astonishment I saw an avalanche fall within a few hundred yards of the spot where the guides and myself had lately been. My heart swelled with devout gratitude for the Divine guardianship so signally displayed towards us.

My descent to the plateau along the glacier was the most perilous thing I ever did in my life—a complete succession of rapid slides along the snow, on the edges of ravines and precipices; yet I can truly say that I had not the slightest fear, and as far as my strength went was quite ready for anything. The descent from this great height into the plain below, where the hotel looked like a speck, was of course tremendous, and undeniably dangerous. One false step of the mule, and one would have been dashed down hundreds of feet over rocks and stones to a certainty.

I must conclude to-night. It is late, and we may have to start at four o'clock A.M., to-morrow, as the guides make a great point of our getting across the mountains while the snow is hard. It appears that it is quite impossible either to get to or to get out of this extraordinary place, Chamouni, except by passes over the mountains, which are exceedingly difficult at this early season, and particularly so this year, in consequence of the almost unprecedented accumulation of snow. We are informed there has not been such a winter for thirty years. Chamouni is a village quite environed by snow-clad ranges, and we feel as if completely caught in a trap!

SILK AND SILK-WORMS.

SECOND PAPER.

FROM the moment the worm has securely woven itself into its cocoon, four days are allowed to elapse. At the expiration of this period, and the first thing in the morning, the various silk-reelers, owing to some tradition very unsatisfactorily explained by them, proceed to the houses of their respective employers and more opulent partners, and, seizing on a handful of clay from the nearest puddle, fling it against the street door. If the clay adheres, then the silk harvest is presumed to be a favourable one; if, on the contrary, the clay falls off, then the peasant augurs unfavourably as to the result of his silk crop. In reality, however, when the cocoon is made, all danger as regards the silk crop may be said to have ceased. The worms are then, as it were, inanimate, and insensible to the effects of atmosphere or any sudden change of climate, which sometimes prove fatal to thousands of these delicate creatures. They are, moreover,

* Monsieur does not want for courage, but only strength."

safely encased, and impervious to the attacks of the reptile tribe; and though occasionally some of the worms prove too feeble to weave their cocoon, and die in the process, the average number of such failures is very small indeed.

Soon after daylight, some day in the first week in April, the whole of these plantations represent a most lively and amusing scene. The care and anxiety which hitherto weighed upon the mind is at an end, and the peasants are now about to reap the just fruits of their labour. They and their families assemble under the shadiest tree in the cheftlik, which is usually some fine specimen of the black mulberry—all the white mulberries being by this time perfectly denuded of branches and leaves. Here, with rough but ready zeal, they construct temporary stoves of sun-burnt bricks, cemented with lime, on the top of which is placed a strong earthenware basin, to hold the hot water in which the cocoons have to be immersed during the reeling process. Convenient to hand are considerable piles of firewood, to be used as fuel; and, lastly, the lumbering, primitive old wheel, which has been carefully stowed amongst the rafters of the *kokh* since last season, is now brought forth again, carefully washed, dusted, and erected close by the side of the fire-place. These preliminaries being arranged to the satisfaction of the peasant, common rush mats are spread all around, and on these basket after basket of cocoons is spread, for the purpose of airing, sorting, and picking. The younger branches of the family are intrusted with these latter operations, and they are generally competent to the task. In separating the cocoons, they are careful as to size, colour, and formation: those that are of a brownish-yellow tinge, with a firm surface and a belt round the centre, being the very best; those of a softer surface and lighter colour being inferior; whilst the small ones are placed aside, for the purpose of preserving the seeds or eggs against next season. *Apropos* of this, however—and a circumstance which seems to prove that this system of preserving some of the worst instead of the best cocoons, only served to deteriorate the nature of the silk—it is a remarkable fact that all the large silk-rearers found it necessary, at the expiration of every few years, to send to Piedmont, whence the best eggs are procured, for entirely fresh supplies, which they gratuitously distributed amongst all the peasants.

But to return to the shade of our black mulberry. Very rapidly do the little fingers ply their work, and soon numerous baskets are being piled with carefully-picked and sorted cocoons. The fluffy, silky material, which is removed from the surface of the cocoon, is dried in the sun before being weighed and packed. This constitutes what is called "cotton-silk," and is mostly converted into an inferior kind of silk, and manufactured into under-garments by the natives themselves, and mostly used by their women. A considerable addition will be made to this cotton-silk before the reeling season is over; for all the cocoons perforated by moths being unfit for reeling purposes, are opened and picked into cotton-silk. When the process of separating and classifying the cocoons has been accomplished, then those to be converted into silk are weighed, in the presence of the proprietors. Every silk-proprietor and pea-

sant is able to calculate to a nicety how many rotolos of silk can be reeled off in a day by his single wheel. He reckons that an interval of ten or twelve days must elapse before there is any danger of the moth perforating, and thus destroying the cocoon; and accordingly, from the very best amongst them he collects what will give him full occupation for that period. These will, as a matter of certainty, yield not only the best and brightest silk, but proportionately nearly double the quantity that the surplus will supply; because these latter have to be suffocated, by exposure to the sun or artificial heat in ovens, and shrink so much as to yield usually only one rotolo of silk from ten rotolos of cocoons.

And now the merry sun of April shines pleasantly over the beautiful valley of the Orontes, and the fresh sea-breeze bears along with it the blithesome songs of happy peasantry and the continuous whirr and burr of the scores of cumbersome wheels that are, in this instance, truly Fortune's wheels to the proprietor. The peasant has perched himself on a high stool, having previously heated the water in the pan to close upon boiling point; then, from a basket at his side, twelve or fourteen cocoons—according to the number of threads he requires—are thrown into the water, and whipped into a froth with a small bundle of rushes, until the experienced eye of the peasant detects the ends of the almost imperceptibly fine silk threads, which he gently coaxes on and through the eyelets over the wheel, where he securely fastens them, and then gives the signal to the faithful partner of his bosom to turn the handle, and make the wheel go round as fast as ever she can. By rights, the swifter the wheel turns, the better and finer the quality of the silk produced; but with these lumbering machines there is no remedy, and, however skilful or willing the reeler, he can hardly excel his neighbour in quantity or quality.

Burr, whirr! merrily round go the wheels; now a thread has broken, and has to be readjusted; now the cocoons have to be replaced; now more fuel, now more water is required; the eyes and the back of the peasant begin to ache; while the arms of his poor wife have long since been sorely tried. Nevertheless, and despite all this fatigue, blithesome songs still ring through the valley, finding pleasant echoes in the notes of feathered songsters; and as the day wanes, the golden threads, now widely spread round the wheels, shine resplendently in the evening sunlight, and give cheering evidence to the peasant and his family that their labours and their toils for that day have not been in vain. It may be fairly presumed that the climate where the mulberry best thrives has an exhilarating effect upon the mind. It is so in Italy and the south of France; so, also, Mr. Fortune tells us, it is in China, where, during the silk season, the peasantry are full of joyous songs and contentment.

As the month wears on, and we draw near to May, the mousoum, or silk season, is drawing also to its close. The tender shoots of the mulberry are beginning to sprout again, and under every shady tree, drying in the fine south wind, are suspended the yellow and white shanks of the newly-reeled silk. The only drawback to this pleasant season is the nuisance proceeding from the putre-



SILK-REELING IN SYRIA.

lying worms, which have been reeled out of their self-woven tombs, scalded to death, and so heaped upon the ground. The natives pretend that this odour is extremely salubrious; but, with all due deference for their opinions, we beg to differ.

The last cocoon has been reeled off, and the last atom of fluffy silk-cotton added to the weight, and compressed in the bulk. In this interval, however, the more favoured cocoons, laid aside for seed purposes, have been perforated, and scores of beautiful silky white moths have come forth to gaze upon this bright world for a few brief hours. Large pieces of linen are carefully spread for the accommodation of these short-lived strangers. They never attempt to fly, their bodies being too heavy, and their wings too short, for such a purpose; but they creep round and round in couples, fluttering their wings continually. In about six hours from their birth, the males are dead; the females survive them by about twenty, during which interval it is reckoned that, on an average, they lay about fifteen thousand eggs! The cloths are literally obscured with these tiny eggs; but they are allowed to remain on them for a day or two, when they become quite hard, and are easily detached by means of a blunt knife, and transferred to linen bags, where they will remain inanimate until the ensuing spring.

The peasant has now only to dispose of his silk to the best advantage; but in this he has many difficulties to encounter, and much roguery to

contend against. There is no fixed price, and no staple quality recognised in the Syrian markets, and none of that exact system which seems to be adopted in China. According to Mr. Fortune, the numerous silk-shops at Nan-tsin are supplied with from six to eight experienced judges of silk, who deal for the merchants with the peasantry, pronounce the quality of the silk, and fix the price. There is no escape from their decision; no coaxing or threats ever make them swerve from their ultimatum. The peasantry, like all Orientals, and especially the women, seem partial to bargaining; but although much noise ensues, they are eventually well satisfied with the price given, and go away contented and happy. Now this is not the case with the poor Syrian peasant. He is the victim of an iniquitous system of monopoly. He dares not carry his silk out of the village where it was reared, knowing that he will be pounced upon by revenue-officers, and mulcted one-fourth the value of his silk. He is therefore compelled to await the regular annual visit of silk-agents from the interior, who buy up for large mercantile firms, and in many cases bargain for the season's produce twelve months before the silk harvest arrives.

We must now, however, bid our poor peasant adieu. The silk has passed from his hands, and in compact bales is now jogging towards the seacoast, for shipment to France, Italy, and England. Towards the autumn, when the mulberry trees

are again luxuriant in foliage, and as the autumn gales commence, he mounts tree after tree, and, stripping the foliage with his hands, gathers together the leaves into the *kokh*, where, with other ingredients (already referred to), they serve to support the oxen during the depth of winter, when other nourishment or pasturage is scarce.

The silk thus exported from Syria has in most cases to be transhipped to steamers in the harbour of Alexandria, and is thence carried mostly to the markets of Lyons and Genoa; whence, in due course of time, after being subjected to the process of throwing and dyeing, after passing through the hands of canning workmen, well up to the secrets of patterns and textures, it is dispersed in all directions, dazzling the eyes of fair citizens in England and Italy—ladies who might scream and shrink from handling the poor little worm that produces them; and who too often, it is to be feared, allow the shining attire, borrowed from so insignificant an insect, to inflate their minds with vanity and a love of ostentatious display. As the lyric of childhood has truthfully sung:—

"How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new;
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before!"

An attempt was not long since made to improve the quality of the silk produced in Northern Syria, by the establishment of several factories, worked with European machinery. The expense of erecting these was very great; but the trouble and annoyance afterwards experienced in endeavouring to work them, thoroughly counterbalanced even the expense. No sooner had girls been taught to reel, than the prejudices of bigoted ecclesiastics interfered; we were suspected of some sinister motives as regarded their faith; and, in short, we lost them just as they began to make themselves useful.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TURTLE.

I CANNOT satisfy the reader as to the exact date of my birth. There are no parish registers among the crustaceous tribes—no records of births, deaths, and marriages, and no gazette, giving occasional lists of killed, wounded, and missing; under which latter designation, I suspect, unsatisfactory as it is, the majority of the disappearances among the turtle population would have to be classed; for, alas! we poor turtles are rarely suffered to die a natural death. For three hundred years we have been doomed to a terrible fate, of which our hoary ancestors knew nothing. They passed their quiet lives on the sunny sands, or in the cool ocean caves of some coral coast, enjoying themselves to the last; we are allowed to sport unconsciously for a few years, and then, snatched from our innocent joys, are exiled to this northern land of frost and fog, and forced to shell out our very vitals for the consumption of a civic dinner. All our misery dates from the discovery of the New World. When Columbus had found out America, the gastronomes were not long in finding out calipash and calipee; and ever since then our green fat has utterly demolished our chance of a green old age. It is terrible to think of!

But there—it's no use complaining—I am no worse off than my comrades. There are nine of us in this gloomy tank, and we all of us scent the caldron which is to put us out of our misery. Let me say what I have to say while there is yet time, ere that black-whiskered cook, in white apron and sleeves, hauls me out by the collar, and silences me for ever.

I believe I crept out of my shell one fine morning, about the middle of 1850, on the warm sands of a small island in the Gulf of Mexico, which we turtles were apt to imagine we had all to ourselves. Here I passed my infant days and years among the billows, which fed me with soft molluscs in plentiful abundance, and lulled me to sleep with their gentle motion when my appetite was appeased, or in sweet dreams, on the soft sand, under the shadow of a rock, when the storm threatened, or the cool tropical night freshened the surface of the sea. Here I found a loving mate, and here my offspring grew up around me, and flapped their infant fins in frolicsome play in the salt shallows of the beach, safe from the fangs of the prowling shark, until their shells presented a nut too hard for him to crack. No thought of the oppressions in store for me then troubled my repose, and though only a turtle, I was happy as a turtle-dove.

One morning—oh hateful and heartrending remembrance!—I had just aroused from the sweetest sleep and dreams of nothing in particular, when, without even a presentiment of harm, my felicity was suddenly destroyed. The sun was just peeping over the tips of the waves, and I was hastening with a fresh appetite in search of my morning repast, when the strangest accents burst on my ear.

"Halloo there, Ben Bobstay!" such were the words, "bear a hand here, will yer, to capsize this 'ere chap."

The meaning of this rough appeal was a mystery to me, but a sudden sense of danger filled my heart. I saw, too, that my companions had taken the alarm, and were shambling along and plunging into the water at their utmost speed. I was not so active as I had once been; years of peaceful enjoyment, and that *otium cum dignitate* which an elderly turtle knows how to appreciate, had added weight and majesty to my person; but I put the best fin foremost, and made straight for the water with the utmost haste.

It was in vain. I had not made three feet of progress, when I felt the clumsy fingers of Ben Bobstay thrust under my coat of mail, and the next moment, while my captors gave utterance conjointly to a "Yeo-heave-ho!" which extinguished the last spark of courage in my breast, I felt myself turned over on my back, and, thus deprived of all power of locomotion, lay at the mercy of my enemies. They allowed me to remain thus supine for some time, during which I saw them ruthlessly performing the same ceremony for several of my companions, who, as I had done, had a little overslept themselves, and thus fallen into the power of the destroyers. When at length they could lay hands on no more, they carried their captives one by one to a boat, which now made its appearance, and tumbled them in without the least show of sympathy or compunction.

I was myself too big to be thus summarily handled. Jack Bunting, who had first discovered me, asserted that I was "a heightly pounder." Ben turned his quid in his mouth, and "considered as how I was that there at the leastest;" and, I will say that for them, the fact of my superior weight induced them to treat me with so much consideration, as saved me from the endurance of any positive torture at their hands in my transport to the boat. This was accomplished by my riding pickaback on the broad shoulders of Bobstay, supported by Bunting in the rear.

The boat was now rowed away from the island, and, turning the rocky point which shut in my native bay, drew near to a huge vessel, which lay apparently waiting her arrival. We poor turtles were lugged, in a half-smothered state, from its bottom, and, being roughly hauled over the side, were thrown promiscuously on the pitchy deck. It was in vain that we protested against this sort of treatment, by flapping our fins and making fierce struggles to escape. Alas! even the power of making such a protest was denied us but too soon. A monster came hurrying forwards, who, armed with a heavy hammer and a handful of long rusty nails, seized each of us consecutively, and, ranging us in rows, as though we had been so many trenchers, barbarously drove a rusty spike through each fin into the deck, thus preventing even the least attempt at motion, save at the cost of agonies not to be endured.

"There," said the fellow, as he finished his cruel task, "them's fixed snug and comfortable;" and he walked off.

I shall not recount the miseries I endured on that voyage—nailed, with my face to the rank, pitchy deck, my back scorched by the burning sun, with only an occasional sousing of sea-water, which barely served to recal the fainting spark of life within me. More than half of my fellow-victims died of the agony they endured, or rather would have died had they been allowed, only the cook—killing them, as he said, to save their lives—transferred them to his caldron, melted them into soup, and regaled the crew of the vessel with the savoury spoils. The empty shells—the ghastly simulacra of my dead companions—were hung up to dry and season, close by the living victims. Only the largest and strongest of us survived and reached this boasted land of freedom and humanity. The vessel that bore us sailed up the Thames, and entered St. Catharine's Docks. There she had scarcely made her moorings fast, when a portly-looking dignitary, fat-fingered, double-chinned, and with a vest as broad and round as my own back, came on board, and immediately cast a longing eye upon me, as I lay in mute agony upon the deck. The captain drew near as he scanned me over, and a conversation ensued, which the perturbation of my spirits prevented my comprehending. I heard, however, the words, "Lord Mayor," "Prime Minister," "Mansion House;" and then I heard the sounds which my experience among the gambling sailors on board had taught me to recognise as the clink of coin. The end of the confabulation was, my being transferred to the possession of the fat-fingered, double-chinned gentleman, who immediately gave orders for my

release and transport to a place which he called "the Poultry."

Oh, that release! The drawing those horrid nails from my poor fins tortured my inmost vitals, and for a time brought oblivion of my woes; for I had fainted.

What befel my wretched companions in misfortune, I do not know. When I came to myself, I was lying on the cold stone floor of one of the Dock warehouses, with my nose against the mouldy wall, and a number of sugar-casks fencing me at the sides and rear. I was wondering what was to come next, when one of the casks was rolled away. I was lifted up by a couple of pairs of hands, hoisted wrong side upwards on to the head of a stout fellow who wore a badge, and marched off, at a rapid pace, towards Thames Street. There my proprietor was in waiting. He rubbed his hands gleefully as he saw me approach, and himself superintended my deposition in a small hand-cart, and on a couch of clean straw. He gave the porter his address-card, and, with an admonition to see me safely delivered, dismissed him on his way to the Poultry.

I thought I should have been jolted into calipash, without the ceremony of cooking, by that fearful trajet over the stones of London streets. Then he made a show of me to the communities crowding the doors, and handled me with cruel familiarity, or, as he termed it, "stirred me up," to show them that I was alive, which was more than I could have vouched for myself, though I could but recoil under his brutality. The spectators, meanwhile, cut coarse jokes upon my forlorn condition.

I arrived at last at the Poultry, and there a brawny fellow lifted me from the hand-cart, and carried me down into a dark cellar. Here I was lowered into a tank of water, and for a moment forgot my miseries in the grateful sensation produced by an element natural to me, but to which I had been so long a stranger. At once I recovered the use of my almost palsied fins, and struck out for a swim, but I only bumped my nose against the side of the tank, which was barely five feet square, and recoiled from the unwelcome blow with a splash. Four or five heads were peeping over the edge of the tank, to see how I would behave on taking the water, and this display of my powers seemed to afford them unmitigated satisfaction.

"That's your sorts!" roared one.

"He *is* deadly-lively," was the reply; "he'll feed, I reckon, a good un."

"He'll stan' a month's fatten'," said a third; "and then he'll just come in for the Lord Mayor's dinner. Master knowed what he was up to when he bought he."

Horrid idea! Here, then, was I only relieved from a career of torture to be fattened for slaughter. I resolved that I would disappoint the cupidity of my tormentors, and would not feed at all, tempt me as they might. I blushed to say it, but I could not keep the resolution: the freshening effect of my bath so awoke my dormant appetite that I fed ravenously, and picked up flesh (or fish) every day; in less than a week I had almost recovered the waste of my weary voyage, and was nearly as heavy as when Jack Bunting and Ben

Bobstay turned me on my back. At the end of that period I had a number of companions in my tank, brought thither one or two at a time, to undergo the same course of fattening. Some of them have disappeared, and I know by the odours which penetrate even to this underground region, and with which my experience on shipboard has made me familiar—I know, I say, what has become of them. Already my own doom is impending and imminent—the fatal day approaches; the cook with his long knife, the caldron with its reeking fumes, both are looming, not in the distance, but in the near darkness; and I float in hourly dread of hearing the fatal words which will inaugurate the end of my unlucky career. The feast at the Mansion House comes off on the twentieth—it is to-day the nineteenth; the shears are already expanded which will sever the thread of my destiny. To-morrow I shall be soup!

My autobiography is at an end—my autopsy is about to begin. But beware, ye gluttonous gastronomes! you may swallow me by spoonfuls, but I will have my revenge—I will visit you again in a nightmare of indigestion.

A VISIT TO CHITTAGONG.

PART II.

IN consequence of the European inhabitants of Chittagong having their residences built on the summit of hills, and because of its proximity to the sea, the climate of this station is both temperate and salubrious. It is equally free, I found, from the oppressive heat and the intense cold peculiar to other towns both in Lower and Upper India. The thermometer, even in the hottest season, seldom exceeds 86°, and usually ranges between 80° and 84° of Fahrenheit. It was formerly much resorted to as a sanitarium by those whose constitution had been debilitated by a protracted residence in a more sickly and trying part of the country.

I visited the Chouk Bazaar, the largest and best in Chittagong. Here are extensive squares, with well-built brick buildings, erected by government to replace the slender mat houses of the natives, which were so often burned down. Here I found thousands as busy as bees, selling everything, from a date to a Delhi shawl. The din and bustle were extreme. Returning homewards when dark, we entered a silversmith's shop. One solitary tiny lamp was glimmering in his dreary habitation, which served only to make the darkness more visible. All seemed so poor and wretched, you could not have believed that the man had a couple of rupees worth of silver in his whole establishment. Seeing three sahebs enter his humble door-way, at first he seemed rather alarmed. Our friendly chat, however, soon lulled his suspicion; and by degrees, at our request, he produced his treasures—first one silver ornament, then another, then a third, each more costly and curious in workmanship than the preceding. There were rings, bangles, ornaments for the wrists and for the feet, very handsome necklaces, and ear-rings, and nose-jewels, and at last an immense splendid silver salver, of great weight and very creditable workmanship—all made by himself. He evidently enjoyed our surprise as he

brought out, from their dusty hiding-place, proof after proof of the extent and value of his capital. And when I told him I should tell at home in England how pleased I had been in seeing all these fine things, he was not a little gratified that the fame of his riches was to reach even Britain. We then called on a respectable native merchant. He was from Lucknow, and dealt in shawls and rich native dresses. His place was thronged with his customers and his servants, and he was busily engaged drawing the transactions of the day to a close. Certainly, his was a first-rate business. He was honoured, he said, by our call; got chairs for us to be seated, and treated us with great respect. Though the mass of the natives are very poor, many of them possess great wealth.

The mountains to the east of Chittagong abound in tigers, leopards, rhinoceroses, elephants, a species of wild cow called goyal, which is easily domesticated, large and small deer, wild hogs, tiger-cats, monkeys, and sloths. One very romantic entrance to the town is called "Tiger-pass," because this ferocious native of Bengal prowls about in this neighbourhood, and sometimes pays the unwary traveller rather an unwelcome visit. A friend of mine was once attacked in this pass, but escaped. The bearers, when they hear the growl, or catch a glimpse of this dreaded but cowardly foe, lay down with all haste the palkee on the ground, and flee, leaving the poor traveller within, whether gentleman or lady, to shift for themselves as they best can. If you remain inside the palkee, and keep making a good thundering noise, you are pretty safe: the tiger is easily frightened. A gentleman, whose name I could mention, was once shooting in the jungle, in another part of India. He was on foot, and all at once found himself unexpectedly face to face with a tiger! Both stood stock-still for a few moments, each staring at the other; when, giving a sudden start forward, the sportsman cried, "Boo!" to the tiger. It instantly turned its tail, and fled! We hear of some who can't say "Boo!" to a goose; here was one who actually said "Boo!" to a tiger in its own forest, in its own lair!

In the forest and mountains to the north-east of this district, in the territory of the independent rajah of Tipperah, the East India Company maintain an establishment for catching wild elephants. On certain conditions, the rajah has conceded this right to the Company; and every year, between the months of November and February, the hunting party visits this region to recruit the supply of these sagacious and useful animals. The Company's chief elephant establishment is at Dacca. The officer in charge of this establishment, with an assortment of tame elephants, and all other requisites for snaring the game, proceeds on this expedition. The tame elephants are taught to entrap the wild ones by enticing them into stockades and pits prepared for them. They are then bound, and led by easy stages to Dacca, where they are properly broken in and trained. When I was at Chittagong, it had been a remarkably successful season: one hundred and fifty elephants had been caught. They were marched to Dacca in three droves of fifty each; two of these droves I visited, and was not a little interested in seeing so many "jungle elephants," all dust and mire,

just as they came from their forest home. Some of them were tremendously large, others smaller; and some very small—little “buchas,” with their mammas, curious funny things, trying to frisk and play in a manner the most grotesque. Some were quite quiet; others very restless, swinging themselves and their trunks about in every way possible. Many were busy eating, feeling themselves apparently quite gentlemen, having food brought to them, and servants to wait on them, as they never had all their life before. Some were scraping the ground with their proboscis, gathering heaps of dust together, lifting it up, and squirting it—not on us, which they might have done, much to our annoyance—but making it fly over their own heads and ears, their own backs and huge sides, no doubt to their own great gratification. There are never less than fifty caught each year. When brought to Dacca, those below the standard height are sold to private individuals, at a great profit to the Honourable Company; the rest are kept for the commissariat department of the army in India. The elephants of this district are preferred to those caught in the Sylhet and Munnipoor hills, as being more hardy and attaining a larger size.

The population of Chittagong is estimated at one million, and is of a mixed race, Mahometans, Hindoos, and Mughls, or Arracanese; these last being essentially the same as the Burmese. Here the two idolatrous systems of Brama and Boodh come in contact, and the chain of caste is therefore somewhat enfeebled. Perfect toleration in religious matters is everywhere enjoyed, and all parties live in tolerable harmony.

The Mughls are a singular people. About the end of last century, owing to the oppression and cruelty exercised by their Burmese rulers in Arracan, about thirteen thousand families of these poor people fled for refuge to the Company's territory in Chittagong. For a time they lived by making incursions for plunder into the territory of their former oppressors, till these depredations became the subject of formal remonstrance by the Burmese to the British authorities. Uncultivated tracts of land were given by the East India Company to the Mughls to reclaim, and these lands were then allotted to these refugees for the support of themselves and families. A colony was then formed, under the able management of Captain Hiram Cox, called Cox's Bazar, which increased and flourished greatly, owing to the greater security of life and property under British supremacy, till, in 1826, Arracan was ceded to the Company, after the first Burmese war. Many of the refugees then returned to their own country, and Cox's Bazar has since declined. The generality of the Mughls can read and write, and are a race in every respect superior to the Bengalee. The Mugh women do not remain in seclusion, as other oriental females of respectability do. They are thrifty and laborious. All the cloth used in the family is made by the wife; she considers it her duty and honour to be able to furnish by her own industry all the requirements of her family in matters of dress and apparel.

The Bengalee inhabitants of Chittagong, like all other Bengalees in every other part of the country, are desperately devoted to litigation. All disputes, for the veriest trifles, are referred to the

courts for adjudication. Hence stamped paper is in great request; and it may appear almost incredible, but such is the fact, that upwards of one lac of rupees (£100,000 sterling) is spent annually in this district alone in the purchase of stamp paper. There exists an extensive landed aristocracy in Chittagong; but the holdings are small, because much subdivided. Never have the inhabitants of this vast continent enjoyed such security in person and in property, as they do under the government of the British. Immensely superior it is to the rule of all their predecessors. Yet vast improvements are still needed. As it now is in all parts of the country, the rich and powerful have unlimited facilities for oppressing and grinding down the poor. Justice is almost beyond the poor man's reach. In this respect great changes are imperative, if the sympathies of the poorer classes are to be secured, and the blessing of Providence is to be looked for on British rule in the East.

I expected the “Pluto,” a government steamer, to take me round from Chittagong to Calcutta; but, after waiting some time, learned to my great disappointment that she had been ordered by the Admiral to the Straits, and her trip to Islamabad was countermanded. What was to be done? To travel all round by Dacca by palkee dāk, at that hot season of the year, would have been fearful. At length it was arranged that I should go by dāk to Noacolly; from thence to Burisaul by boat, and then to Calcutta from Burisaul as I best could. Being anxious to visit the famous shrine at Seetakoond, about twenty-five miles north of Chittagong, my palkee and bearers were sent on thither; a friend having provided a relay of horses, engaged to drive me to this place; there I might remain during the heat of the day, examine this noted centre of Hindoo idolatry, and proceed on my journey in the cool of the evening. Accordingly, at two o'clock in the morning we started. The sky was most glorious; the whole heavens resplendent with stars, brilliant as you only see them in that hemisphere. We got through the Tiger-pass all right, and reached Seetakoond in time for an early breakfast.

This place is called Seetakoond, or the Peak of Seeta. Seeta was the wife of Ram, one of the chief of the Hindoo terrestrial divinities; and there is a remarkable hill in this neighbourhood, which the pilgrims ascend, the summit of which is considered sacred to this goddess: hence the name. The chief remarkable thing connected with this place, I found to be that the temple is built over a spring of hot water, on the surface of which there is a vapour continually floating, which can be inflamed by the application of fire. This takes place, no doubt, from the hydrogen gas evolved from this hot fountain. The natives, however, regard all such natural phenomena as miraculous, and consequently sacred; and hence this shrine is considered peculiarly holy. Pilgrimages from the remotest parts of India are made to Seetakoond; and at the grand festival from thirty to forty thousand pilgrims, of both sexes, of all ranks, castes, and countries, assemble at this spot, and all bathe in the sacred warm bath to wash away their sins. The poorest pay each four annas, or sixpence, to the priest for this privilege; and the

rich contribute much larger sums, according to their rank and generosity. There are many priests connected with this temple: the chief one is called Mohunt, and, like the Llama of Thibet, appoints his successor during his own lifetime from among his disciples. Some years back, the consent of the Honourable Company was necessary to constitute the title of the successor valid in law. The temple is richly endowed with lands, the rents of which defray the expenses of repairs, and maintain the priests, several of whom are in daily attendance all the year round.

Again my palkee was sent forward a stage or two, my friend still engaging to take me on in his buggy. When the sun was declining we set out, passed through a dreary part of the country, and at last came up to my bearers, waiting in readiness for me in the centre of a large native village. With much regret we parted; he to return homewards, and I to pursue my solitary journey in those parts where a European is rarely seen. I dozed away the hours of night as I was jolting along, and in the morning found I was approaching Naocolly. On my arrival, the magistrate of the district received me, though a perfect stranger, as though I had been an old friend. To my delight I found he was sending off treasure to a steamer, about to start with the turn of the tide for Calcutta. A passage was secured for me at once. Proceeding to the steamer, when the time of our departure arrived, I had to pass through a rather dangerous piece of jungle, where tigers abound. My generous host, in addition to all his other acts of courtesy and kindness, considerably furnished me with an armed guard for my protection, and I observed the belts they wore were made of tiger's skin.

Just as the last box of rupees was put on board, I ascended the steamer's ladder, and met the captain on deck. His crew were all natives, and right glad he was to get a European passenger to keep him company in that most woefully forlorn part of the world. It seemed like the fag-end of creation: a part of the earth only partially recovered from the desolation of the flood. We wound our tortuous way through the intricate and ever changing rivers and streams of the Sunderbunds; on each side of us its dense impenetrable forests and jungle, where reptiles dire and beasts of prey roam, revel, and rage. Herds of beautiful deer we often saw at the water-side. Alligators, huge and ugly, we again and again observed lying in the mud, and basking in the sun. But I had a strong desire to see, at a respectful distance of course, a royal Bengal tiger, at large on his own domain.

"Oh!" said our captain, "I often see them dancing the polka out there: we must keep a good look-out, and I doubt not ere long your desire will be gratified."

Some time after, in a narrow part of the river, with thick woody islands here and there, and we going at a first-rate speed, the tide being strong in our favour, I observed some natives in a small canoe, cutting wood at the edge of the jungle. All at once they rushed from the shore right across our bow, in imminent danger of being run down. I called out to the man at the helm. He immediately answered, "There's the cause, Sahib,"

pointing to a tiger grazing at us from the shore! He had been stealthily approaching the poor natives to spring at them; they had seen him just in time to escape, and they at once ran the risk of being run down by us, rather than being carried off and devoured by this monster. He looked at us; I stared at him; and then he bounded into the thick of the forest. We reached Calcutta in safety, after passing through some heart-stirring scenes; and often I catch myself musing on the many thrilling incidents of my visit to Chittagong.

ANECDOTE OF LORD HAILES.

I REMEMBER distinctly an interesting anecdote referring to the late Sir David Dalrymple (better known to literary men abroad by his title of Lord Hailes), a Scotch judge. I had it from the late Rev. Walter Buchanan, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. I took such interest in it, that though it must be about fifty years ago since he told it, I think I can almost relate it in Mr. Buchanan's words.

"I was dining some time ago with a literary party at old Mr. Abercrombie's (father of General Abercrombie who was slain in Egypt, at the head of the British army), and spending the evening together. A gentleman present put a question which puzzled the whole company. It was this: Supposing all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the three first centuries? The question was novel to all, and no one even hazarded a guess in answer to the inquiry.

"About two months after this meeting, I received a note from Lord Hailes, inviting me to breakfast with him next morning. He had been of the party. During breakfast he asked me if I recollected the curious question about the possibility of recovering the contents of the New Testament from the writings of the three first centuries? I remember it well, and have thought of it often without being able to form any opinion or conjecture on the subject."

"Well," said Lord Hailes, "that question quite accorded with the turn or taste of my antiquarian mind. On returning home, as I knew I had all the writers of those centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible." Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, "There have I been busy for these two months, searching for chapters, half chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I have found, and where I have found it; so that any person may examine and see for themselves. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament from those writings, except seven or eleven verses (I forget which), which satisfies me that I could discover them also. Now," said he, "here was a way in which God concealed or hid the treasure of his word, that Julian, the apostate emperor, and other enemies of Christ who wished to extirpate the gospel from the world, never would have thought of; and though they had, they never could have effected their destruction."

The labour in effecting this feat must have been

immense; for the Gospels and Epistles would not be divided into chapters and verses as they are now. Much must have been effected by the help of a concordance. And having been a judge for many years, a habit of minute investigation must have been formed in his mind.

He was reported to be a pious man. I remember him at the trial of a man for the murder of his wife. Near the end of the trial, a little girl, only nine years of age, was brought in as an exculpatory evidence. On seeing her youth, I observed the other judges look significantly to Lord Hailes. He understood them, and rose up with much solemnity, and addressed her from the bench. "Do you read your Bible?" "Yes, sir." "Have you learned your catechism?" "Yes, sir." "Who made you?" "God, sir." "Do you know that God is everywhere present?" "Yes, sir." "He is, and particularly in a court of justice, where you are at present, and is looking into your heart, to see if you shall give a true answer to the question I am now going to ask you: Did you ever hear that man's wife?" (pointing to the murderer) "say that some time ago she had got a severe stroke upon her breast at Leith?" "O no, sir, I never did." He said to the girl, "I believe you have told the truth." I should have noticed that he administered the oath to her after what he said about God. There was no doubt but the man's friends had got her, by various means, to promise to tell that falsehood about the stroke on the breast. —*Philips' "Life of the Rev. John Campbell."*

PURE AIR.—Whatever renders the blood impure tends to originate consumption. Whatever makes the air impure makes the blood impurer. It is the air we breathe which purifies the blood. And as, if the water we use to wash our clothing is dirty, it is impossible to wash the clothing clean, so if the air we breathe is impure it is impossible for it to abstract the impurities from the blood. What, then, are some of the more prominent things which render the air impure? It is the nature of still water to become impure. It is the nature of still air to become impure. Running water purifies itself. Air in motion, draughts of air, are self-purifiers. Thus it is that the air of a close room becomes impure inevitably. Thus it is that close rooms bring consumption to countless thousands. Hence all rooms should be so constructed as to have a constant draught of air passing through them. A man of ordinary size renders a hog'shead of air unfit for breathing, and consumes its blood-purifying qualities every hour. Hence, sleeping in close rooms, even though alone, or sitting for a very short time in a crowded vehicle, or among a large assembly, is perfectly corrupting to the blood. Close bedrooms make the graves of multitudes.—*Hall's Book on Consumption.*

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BEAT INSTITUTION.—This institution expended during the past year £3121 in building eleven new life-boats, and in altering and repairing several others; £1292 in building and repairing life-boat houses; £787 in building new life-boat transporting carriages and in repairing others; £855 in payment to coxswains and crews of life-boats; and £578 for rewards for saving the lives of 376 persons, shipwrecked on our coasts, of which 132 were actually rescued by the life-boats of the Society in that period. Its outstanding liabilities for life boats, life-boat carriages, and boat-houses are £3394.

The end of affliction is the discovery of sin; and of that, to bring us to the Saviour; let us therefore, with the prodigal, return unto him, and we shall find ease and rest.

SPEAK with calmness on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

FABLES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A WOLF once pass'd a meadow fair;
A lonely lamb was feeding there,
A helpless object to behold.
This little straggler from the fold:
Its shepherd listless in the shade,
As on his rustic pipe he play'd:
'The watch-dogs on their post asleep,
Now mute protectors to the sheep,
The crafty wolf, with glad surprise,
The solitary lamb espies,
And in a soft and flattering style
Essays to catch his prey with guile.
"My pretty lamb, how snug you look
In this serene and sunny nook!
Methinks it must be passing sweet
To spend one's days in such retreat;
To wander down these meadow ways,
And on this juicy herbage graze;
Then quench one's thirst beside the stream
That mirrors back each sunny gleam.
How sociably upon its brink
Each to the other's health might drink,
But for this ugly hedge of green,
That lifts so high its sullen screen."
"If this be true," replied the lamb,
"You're inoffensive as I am;
And it must be a false report,
The charge I've heard against you brought.
Folks say that herbs you never eat,
But living flesh or butcher's meat;
By your account on herbs you feed,
And simple plants that deck the mead;
Then what occasion to divide?
Let's feed together, side by side.
Just twenty yards, it may be, hence,
You'll find a gap within the fence;
Enlarge the hole—your teeth are strong,
The labour will not take you long."
With eager joy the wolf obey'd,
And soon the opening wider made;
Then clutch'd his victim in his claws,
And tore him piece-meal with his jaws.
We all, like silly sheep, are prone
To wander forth in paths alone;
And Scripture tells us of a foe,
Who on the earth "walks to and fro—"
An enemy with cunning power,
Still seeking whom he may devour;
And yet whose flattering speech the while
Is full of artifice and guile:
But safe that "little flock" of sheep,
Who by their Heavenly Shepherd sleep;
The "sheep of his right hand" they are,
The people of his pasture fair.

ELLEN ROBERTS.

JANEWAY'S DYING WORDS.

"O MY friends, stand by and wonder; come, look upon a dying man: I cannot myself but stand and wonder! Was there ever a greater kindness? Was there ever a more sensible manifestation of rich grace? Oh, why me, Lord, why me? If this be dying, dying is sweet. Let no true Christians ever be afraid of dying. Oh, death is sweet to me! This bed is soft. O, that you did but see and feel what I do! Come, and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthy man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O, sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor, sorry things, compared with one glimpse of this glory, which shines so strongly into my soul! Oh, why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad? This, this is the hour that I have waited for."—*"Life of JaneWAY," published by Religious Tract Society.*

Varieties.

MR. RAIKES'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DUKE.—"I once asked the Duke what he really thought of the talents of the Emperor Napoleon as a great general. He said: 'I have always considered the presence of Napoleon with an army as equal to an additional force of 40,000 men, from his superior talent, and from the enthusiasm which his name and presence inspired into the troops; and this was the more disinterested on my part, because in all my campaigns I had then never been opposed to him. When I was in Paris in 1814, I gave this very opinion in the presence of several Prussian and Austrian generals who had fought against him, and you have no idea of the satisfaction and pleasure it gave them to think that, though defeated, they had had such odds against them.'

"On another occasion the Duke also said that he thought Napoleon superior to Turenne, Tallard, or any of the old generals of former times; but Napoleon had this advantage over every other general, himself in particular, that his power was unlimited. He could order everything on the spot as he pleased; if he wanted reinforcements, they were sent; if to change the plan of a campaign, it was changed; if to reward services, he could confer honours on the field of battle; whereas the Duke and other generals were obliged to write home to ministers and wait their decisions, perhaps that of parliament, and he himself had never had the power of conferring the slightest reward on any of his followers, however deserving."

LEPROSY.—We took on board four or five lepers, on their way to the hospital at Bergen. A piece of oil-cloth had been thrown over some spars to shield them from the rain, and they sat on deck avoided by the other passengers, a melancholy picture of disease and shame. One was a boy of fourteen, upon whose face wart-like excrescences were beginning to appear, while a woman, who seemed to be his mother, was hideously swollen and disfigured. A man crouching down, with his head between his hands, endeavoured to hide the seamed and knotted mass of protruding blue flesh, which had once been a human face. The forms of leprosy, elephantiasis, and other kindred diseases which I have seen in the East and in tropical countries, are not nearly so horrible. For these unfortunates there was no hope. Some years, more or less, of a life which is worse than death, was all to which they could look forward. No cure has yet been discovered for this terrible disease. There are two hospitals here, one of which contains about five hundred patients, while the other, which has recently been erected for the reception of cases in the earlier stages, who may be subjected to experimental courses of treatment, has already one hundred. This form of leprosy is supposed to be produced by an exclusive diet of salt fish, and partly by want of personal cleanliness.—*Bayard Taylor in Northern Europe.*

USES OF THE POTATO.—In France the farina is largely used for culinary purposes. The famed gravies, sauces, and soups of France are largely indebted for their excellence to that source, and its bread and pastry equally so; while a great deal of the so-called Cognac imported into England from France is the produce of the potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common; and in Poland the manufacture of spirit from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent from thence to many of our foreign possessions as the produce of the grape, and is placed on many a table of England as the same; while the fair ladies of our general country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato under the designation of *Eau de Cologne*. But there are other uses which this esculent is turned to abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture frames, snuff-boxes, and several descriptions of toys; and the water that runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. For perfectly cleansing woollens, and such like articles, it is the housewife's panacea; and if the washerwoman happens to have chilblains, she becomes cured by the operation.—*Paper read before the British Association.*

"**CUTTLE BONE.**"—There is a substance that is often to

be picked up on the shore, and oftener to be purchased at the perfumers' shops, known by the name of cuttle-bone, and, when reduced to powder, used for various purposes. This so-called cuttle-bone is not bone at all, but a very wonderful structure, consisting almost entirely of pure chalk, and having been at one time embedded loosely in the substance of some departed individual of the species called *Sepia officinalis*. The "bone" is inclosed within a membranous sac within the body of the cuttle, by which sac it is secreted, and with which it has no other connection, dropping out when the animal is opened. On taking one of these objects into the hand, its extreme lightness is very evident, and if it be cut across and examined through a lens, the cause of the lightness will be perceived. The plate is not solid, but is formed of a succession of excessively thin laminae or floors of chalk, each connected with each by myriads of the tiniest imaginable chalky pillars. When the cuttle is living, this structure runs through the entire length of the abdomen, being of equal length with it, and occupying about one-third of its breadth.—*Common Objects of the Seashore.*

PASSPORTS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—The manners of the English gentry in this age were, in a great measure, purely national; and, except at court, had received from foreign nations neither polish nor corruption. To travel, had not yet grown to be a very common practice. It was not yet thought that a visit to more genial climes, or more lovely landscapes, was the best preparation for afterwards living happy and contented in our own. In fact, according to old English maxims, no one could go abroad without special permission from the sovereign. Thus, in the reign of Elizabeth, Sir William Evers was severely punished because he had presumed to make a private journey to Scotland. In the first part of the eighteenth century, the same authority seems to have existed, at least with respect to the great nobility. The Duke of Shrewsbury, for example, could not go abroad in 1700 until he had obtained leave from King William. Thus, also, the Duke of Marlborough's application for a passport, in 1712, was opposed by several members of the new cabinet. The fees for a passport at the Foreign Office amounted to upwards of £6, a sum far from inconsiderable in those days, and serving as a check upon the lower class of travellers. To travel with passports from the foreign ministers resident in England is a later, and, in my opinion, a mischievous and unwarrantable, innovation.—"*History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.*" By Lord Mahon [Earl Stanhope].

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—The late Mr. Tegg, the celebrated publisher, on being asked to what he chiefly owed his success in life, replied, to three things—punctuality as to time, self-reliance, and integrity in word and deed. "In addition, however," said he, "to these points, I have derived much advantage and comfort in life from being deaf, as well as blind, to all calumnies and attacks. I have never cared for what any one malignantly or perhaps foolishly said of me; neither have I been ready to resent real or imaginary affronts."

HOW TO ACT USEFULLY.—The most efficacious manner in which we can act usefully in the immense circle of the world, and for the good of humanity, is to fill our place in the circumscribed circle of domestic virtues; to form around us an atmosphere of love and benevolence. We must do the good that lies in our power; it afterwards belongs to Providence, and not to us, to make that good contribute to the general utility.—*Bishop Jebb.*

SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—Cut two or three good-sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor; they absorb obnoxious effluvia, etc., in the sick room, in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purposes. They should be changed every six hours.—*The Builder.*

THE THREE WISHES.—The apostle Paul had three wishes—that he might be *found* in Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ.—*Luther.*